Brothers to go ſeeke elſe-where, but in your madneſſe
You bury brother-hood.

Edw. Alas poore Clarence, is it for a wife
That thou art male-content,
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.

Cla. Nay, you playde the broker ſo ill for your ſelfe,
That ye ſhall giue me leaue to make my choiſe
As I thinke good: and to that intent
I ſhortly meane to leaue you.

Edw. Leaue me, or tarry, I am full reſolu'd,
Edward will not be ty'd to his brothers willes.

Qu. My Lords, do me but right,
And you muſt confeſſe, before it pleaſd his highneſſe
To aduance my ſtate to Title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble from my birth.

Edw. Forbeare my Loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they muſt obey, nay ſhall obey,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

Mont. My Lord, here is the Meſſenger return'd from France.

Enter Meſſenger.

Ed. Now ſirra, what letters? Or what newes?

Meſ. No Letters my Lord,
And ſuch Newes, as without your highneſſe pardon,
I dare not relate.

Ed. We pardon thee, and (as neere as thou canſt) tell me,
What ſaide Lewis to our Letters?

Meſ. At my departure theſe were his very wordes.
Go tell falſe Edward thy ſuppoſed King,
That Lewis of France is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

Ed. Is *Lewis* ſo braue? Belike, he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what ſayde Lady *Bona* to theſe wrongs?

Meſ. Tell him, quoth ſhe, in hope heel proue a widdower
Shortly, Ile weare a willow Garland for his ſake.

Ed. She had the wrong,
Indeed ſhe could ſay little leſſe. But what ſaid *Henries* Queene,

For

For as I heare, ſhe was then in place?

Meſ. Tell him quoth ſhe, my mourning weeds be done,
And I am ready to put armour on.

Ed. Then belike ſhe meanes to play the Amazon.
But what ſaide *Warwicke* to theſe iniuries?

Meſ. He more incenſed then the reſt my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

Ed. Ha, durſt the Traitor breath out ſuch proud words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worſt.
But what is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?

Meſ. I my good Lord, they are ſo linkt in friendſhip,
That young Prince Edward marries *Warwickes* daughter.

Cla. The elder, belike *Clarence* ſhall haue the yonger.
All you that loue me and *Warwicke* follow me.

Exit Clarence and Somerſet.

Ed. *Clarence* and *Somerſet* fled to *Warwicke*,
What ſay you brother *Richard*, will you ſtand to vs?

Glo. I my Lord, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.
For why hath Nature made me halt downe right,
But that I ſhould be valiant and ſtand to it:
For if I would, I cannot runne away.

Edw. Penbrooke, go raiſe an army preſently,
Pitch vp my Tent; for in the field this night
I meane to reſt, and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meete proud *Warwicke*, ere he land
Thoſe ſtragling troopes which he hath got in France.
But ere I go, *Montague* and *Haſtings*,
You aboue all the reſt are neere allyed
In blood to *Warwicke*: therefore tell me,
If you fauour him more then me, or not.
Speake truly, for I had rather haue you open enemies,
Then hollow friends.

Mont. So God helpe *Montague*, as he proues true.

Haſt. And *Haſtings*, as he fauours Edwards cauſe,

Edw. It ſhall ſuffice, Come then let's march away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter